

*Car.* Whil'st our Commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

*King.* What's the need?

It hath already publicly bene read,  
And on all sides th' Authority allow'd,  
You may then spare that time.

*Car.* Bee't so, proceed.

*Seri.* Say, Henry K. of England, come into the Court.

*Crier.* Henry King of England, &c.

*King.* Heere.

*Scribe.* Say, Katherine Queene of England,  
Come into the Court.

*Crier.* Katherine Queene of England, &c.

*The Queene makes no answer, rises out of her Chaire,  
goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at  
his Feet. Then speaks.*

Sir, I desire you do me Right and Iustice,  
And to bestow your pittie on me; for  
I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger,  
Borne out of your Dominions: hauing heere  
No Iudge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir:  
In what haue I offended you? What cause  
Hath my behaviour giuen to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceede to put me off,  
And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witnesseth,  
I haue bene to you, a true and humble Wife,  
At all times to your will conformable:  
Euer in feare to kindle your Dislike,  
Yea, subiect to your Countenance: Glad, or sorry,  
As I saw it inclin'd? When was the houre  
I euer contradicted your Desire?  
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends  
Haue I not stroue to loue, although I knew  
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,  
That had to him deriu'd your Anger, did I  
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gaue notice  
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to minde,  
That I haue bene your Wife, in this Obedience,  
Vpward of twenty yeares, and haue bene blest  
With many Children by you. If in the course  
And processe of this time, you can report,  
And proue it too, against mine Honor, aught;  
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie  
Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name  
Turne me away: and let the fowl'st Contempt  
Shut doore vpon me, and so giue me vp  
To the sharpest kinde of Iustice. Please you, Sir,  
The King your Father, was reputed for  
A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent  
And vnmatch'd Wit, and Iudgement. *Ferdinand*  
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one  
The wisest Prince, that there had reign'd, by many  
A yeare before. It is not to be question'd,  
That they had gather'd a wise Councell to them  
Of euery Realme, that did debate this Businesse,  
Who deem'd our Marriage lawfull. Wherefore I humbly  
Beseech you Sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whose Counsaile  
I will implore. If not, i'th name of God  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

*Vol.* You haue heere Lady.

(And of your choice) these Reuerend Fathers, men  
Of singular Integrity, and Learning;  
Yea, the elect o'th' Land, who are assembled  
To plead your Cause. It shall be therefore bootlesse,

That longer you desire the Court, as well  
For your owne quiet, as to rectifie  
What is vnsetled in the King.

*Camp.* His Grace

Hath spoken well, and iustly: Therefore Madam,  
It's fit this Royall Session do proceed,  
And that (without delay) their Arguments  
Be now produc'd, and heard.

*Qu.* Lord Cardinall, to you I speake.

*Vol.* Your pleasure, Madam.

*Qu.* Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that  
We are a Queene (or long haue dream'd so) certaine  
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,  
He turne to sparkes of fire.

*Vol.* Be patient yet.

*Qu.* I will, when you are humble; Nay before,  
Or God will punish me. I do beleue  
(Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that  
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,  
You shall not be my Iudge. For it is you  
Haue blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;  
(Which Gods dew quenche) therefore, I say againe,  
I utterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule  
Refuse you for my Iudge, whom yet once more  
I hold my most malicious Foe, and thinke not  
At all a Friend to truth.

*Vol.* I do professe

You speake not like your selfe: who euer yet  
Haue flood to Charity, and displayd th' effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdoms,  
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong  
I haue no Spleene against you, nor iniustice  
For you, or any: how farre I haue proceeded,  
Or how farre further (shall) is warranted  
By a Commission from the Consistorie,  
Yea, the whole Consistorie of Rome. You charge me,  
That I haue blowne this Coale: I do deny it,  
The King is present: If it be knowne to him,  
That I gainesay my Deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily my Falsehood, yea, as much  
As you haue done my Truth. If he know  
That I am free of your Report, he knowes  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to  
Remoue these Thoughts from you. The which before  
His Highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech  
You (gracious Madam) to vnthinke your speaking,  
And to say so no more.

*Queen.* My Lord, my Lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weake  
To oppose your cunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd  
You signe your Place, and Calling, in full seeming,  
With Meekenesse and Humilitie: but your Heart  
Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride.  
You haue by Fortune, and his Highnesse fauors,  
Gone slightly o're lowe steppes, and now are mounted  
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words  
(Domestickes to you) serue your will, as't please  
Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you,  
You tender more your persons Honor, then  
Your high profession Spirituall. That agen  
I do refuse you for my Iudge, and heere  
Before you all, Appeale vnto the Pope,  
To bring my whole Cause 'fore his Holinesse,  
And to be iudg'd by him.

*She Curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

*Camp.*

*Camp.* The Queene is obstinate,  
Stubborne to Iustice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainfull to be tri'd by't; tis not well.  
Shee's going away.

*Kim.* Call her againe.

*Crier.* Katherine, Q. of England, come into the Court.

*Gent. Vsh.* Madam, you are call'd backe.

*Que.* What need you note it? pray you keep your way.

*Que.* When you are call'd returne. Now the Lord helpe,

They rexe me past my patience, pray you passe on;

I will not tarry: no, nor euer more

Vpon this businesse my appearance make,

In any of their Courts.

*Exit Queene, and her Attendants.*

*Kim.* Goe thy wayes Kate,

That man i'th' world, who shall report he has

A better Wife, let him in naught be trusted,

For speaking false in that; thou art alone

(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlesse,

Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wit-like Government,

Obeying in commanding, and thy parts

Soueraigne and Pious els, could speake thee out)

The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;

And like her true Nobility, she has

Carried her selfe towards me.

*Vol.* Most gracious Sir,

In humblest manner I require your Highnes,

That it shall please you to declare in hearing

Of all these eares (for where I am rob'd and bound,

There must I be vnloos'd, although not there

At once, and fully satisfide) whether euer I

Did broach this busines to your Highnes, or

Laid any scruple in your way. whi. h might

Induce you to the question on't: or euer

Haue to you, but with thanks to God for such

A Royall Lady, spake one, the least word that might

Beto the preiudice of her present State,

Or touch of her good Person?

*Kim.* My Lord Cardinall,

I doe excuse you; yea, vpon mine Honour,

I free you from't: You are not to be taught

That you haue many enemies, that know not

Why they are so; but like to Village Curres,

Barke when their fellows doe. By some of these

The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:

But will you be more iustifide? You euer

Haue with'd the sleeping of this busines, neuer desir'd

It to be stir'd; but oft haue hindred, oft

The passages made toward it; on my Honour,

I speake my good Lord Cardinall, to this point;

And thus farre cleare him.

Now, what mou'd me too't,

I will be bold with time and your attention:

Then marke th' inducement. Thus it came; giue heede

My Conscience first receiu'd a tendernes,

Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches veter'd

By th' Bishop of Bayon, then French Embassador,

Who had bene hither sent on the debating

And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans, and

Our Daughter Mary: I'th' Progresse of this busines,

Ere a determinate resolution, hee

(I meane the Bishop) did require a respite,

Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertise,

Whether our Daughter were legitimate,

Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager.

Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke

The boosome of my Conscience, enter'd me;  
Yea, with a spitting power, and made to tremble  
The region of my Breast, which fore'd such way,  
That many maz'd considerings, did throng  
And prest in with this Caution. First, me thought  
I flood not in the smile of Heauen, who had  
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe  
If it conceiu'd a male-child by me, should  
Doe no more Offices of life too't; then  
The Grave does to th' dead: For her Male Issue,  
Or di'de where they were made, or shortly after  
This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,  
This was a Iudgement on me, that my Kingdom  
(Well worthy the best Heyre o'th' World) should not  
Be gladd in't by me. Then followes, that  
I weigh'd the danger which my Realme's flood in  
By this my Issues faile, and that gaue to me  
Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in  
The wild Sea of my Conscience, I did steere  
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
Now present heere together: that's to say, I  
I meane to rectifie my Conscience, which  
I then did feeble full sicke, and yet not well,  
By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land,  
And Doctors learn'd. First I began in priuate,  
With you my Lord of Lincoln; you remember  
How vnder my oppression I did reeke  
When I first mou'd you.

*B. Lin.* Very well my Lidge.

*Kim.* I haue spoke long, be pleas'd your selfe to say  
How farre you satisfide me.

*Lin.* So please your Highnes,

The question did at first so stagger me,

Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,

And consequence of dead, that I committed

The darings Counsaile which I had to doubt,

And did entreate your Highnes to this course,

Which you are running heere.

*Kim.* I then mou'd you,

My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leaue

To make this present Summons vnsolicit'd,

I left no Reuerend Person in this Court;

But by particular consent proceeded

Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,

For no dislike i'th' world against the person

Of the good Queene; but the sharpe thorny points

Of my alleadged reasons, drives this forward:

Proue but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life

And Kingly Dignity, we are contented

To weare our mortall State to come, with her,

(Katherine our Queene) before the primeest Creature

That's Parragon'd o'th' World

*Camp.* So please your Highnes,

The Queene being absent, 'tis a needfull fitnessse,

That we adiourne this Court till further day;

Meane while, must be an earnest motion

Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale

She intends vnto his Holinesse.

*Kim.* I may perceiue

These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre

This dilatory sloth, and trickes of Rome.

My learn'd and welbeloued Seruant *Crammer*,

Prethee returne, with thy approach: I know,

My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;

I lay, set on.

*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*

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*Actus*